

# Lake Sure to be St. Louis Brown's Manager---Bowling, Racing, Other Sports

## WALFORD'S

909 Pa. Ave. N. W.

Just Two More Buying Days.

### A Gift of Jewelry Is the Most Pleasing Present.

Make your selections from our vast assortment—everything neatly boxed. You'll find our prices moderate.

Diamond Rings, a large and choice assortment ..... \$5 to \$200.  
 Pearl Pins, gold ..... \$1.00 up.  
 Gold Cuff Links, ..... \$1.50 to \$5.00.  
 Best Gold-Filled Cuff Links, ..... \$1.50 per pair.  
 Sets Pin and Cuff Links, ..... 50c up.

Watches—Ladies' Gold Chate-laine Watch ..... \$10.00.  
 Solid Gold Waltham Watch, ..... \$15.00.  
 Toilet Sets; Comb, Brush, and Mirror Sets; range in price from \$2.50 to \$20.00.  
 Mirrors; very attractive assortment, in all sizes, \$1.00 to \$7.50.  
 Men's Bill Folds; made of fine leather ..... 50c to \$2.00.  
 Men's Wallets and Purses, ..... 50c and \$1.00.  
 Solid Gold Signet Rings; Signet Scarf Pins, and Tie Clips in all styles and shapes. Very fine quality. ..... \$1.50 up.  
 Gold Signet Rings—Boys' ..... \$2.00 up.  
 Gold Signet Rings—Men's ..... \$3.75 up.  
 Gent's Set Rings in all stones, ..... \$3.50 up.

Largest assortment of diamonds and assorted stones in Scarf Pins.

Ladies' Purses and Handbags; fine 12-inch alligator bags, \$8.50.  
 Money Belts ..... \$1.00 to \$2.00.  
 Opera Glasses ..... \$3.00 up.  
 Pearl Opera Glasses, \$4.00 up.  
 Clocks—3-day mahogany, \$5.00 up; 8-day oak, \$6.00; cathedral song, traveling, and automobile clocks; 400-day winding clock, \$12.00.  
 Gold Watches for Ladies, \$8.00 to \$50.00.  
 Gold Watches for Men, \$15.00 to \$50.00.  
 Men's Gold Filled Chains, \$2.00 to \$5.00.  
 Men's Silk Pobs, \$1.00 to \$10.00.  
 Ingravel Traction Watches, \$5.00 to \$15.00.

OPEN EVENINGS.

## REPORTS OF RETIRING BALL PLAYERS REVIVED

Overall and Brown of Cubs Have Quit Is Rumor—Other Gossip of Interest to Fans.

The stories are beginning to come in about players who have refused to sign for next season. Every year these rumors originate, and every year finds most of the players in harness again at the beginning of the season. Many men have voluntarily severed their connections with the actual work on the diamond, but most of them are still connected with the game as owners, managers, scouts, or in some capacity which keeps them actively interested in baseball.

There are a few men, like Fielder Jones and Jake Stahl, who have really retired at the height of their usefulness, but such cases are rare, and even they may some day be unable to resist the old lure of the diamond. If a man does not send his signed contract in early, or if he delays signing while bargaining for better terms, the report that he has decided to take up some other profession permanently comes from every corner of the land.

The latest story is that Mordecai Brown and Orville Overall are lost to the Cubs forever. It is said that the two famous pitchers have announced their intention of giving up baseball and devoting their entire time to their California ranches. They are reported as stating that they have no grievance against Murphy or Chance, but have simply decided never to return to the diamond. Will they feel the same way about it when the training camps open in the spring? The fans hope that they will exercise the privilege of women and ball players, and change their minds.

Steve Evans, the outfielder turned over to the Cardinals by the Giants, holds the record for being hit by pitched balls. During the past season Evans was plunked on various parts of his anatomy no less than twenty-nine times. In addition to this method of getting on bases, Steve coaxed the twirlers into giving him seventy bases on balls.

Hugh Jennings says his Tigers will surely win the American League championship of 1911. He says it was Mack's wonderful pitching staff that won the laurels for Philadelphia this year. Jennings looks for Bender, Plank, and Coombs to "crack" next year.

William Dahlen, once known as "Bad Bill," will have complete control of the Brooklyn Superbas during the coming spring, and whatever showing the team makes the credit or the blame will rest squarely on the shoulders of its manager. President Charles H. Ebbets is planning a trip to Central America and Panama, and may not return until the opening of the baseball season. Ebbets has not had a real vacation in many years, and he feels that he is entitled to one. He plans to start on his travels immediately after the holidays.

The following is from the pen of Billy Weart, baseball writer of the Philadelphia Telegraph:

"Bob" Ewing, the tall twirler of the Phillies, doesn't often speak, but when he does his conversation is worth listening to. Ewing is out with the prediction that the Phillies will win the pennant next year.

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New men Manager Doolin secured from Cincinnati will add so much to the pitching, batting, and fielding strength of the Quakers that the team will land at the top of the race. Right here, I might remark that if every man on the team would work as hard as Ewing did last season, there would be good prospects of "Bob's" prediction coming true. If ever the Phillies had a faithful worker, that individual was "Bob" Ewing.

In this connection, it might be remarked that President John I. Taylor, of the Boston Americans, carries around in his hat a slip of paper with the prediction written upon it that the contenders for the world's championship in 1911 will be the Phillies and the Boston Americans. The prediction was made by a Western fan, who saw the teams of both leagues play a number of games last fall. The fan was so impressed with the Quakers and the "Speed Boys" that before the close of the 1910 season he made his long-range prediction, and in a recent letter to President Taylor, he said that he is still willing to stand by his picks for the coming campaign.

"Bugs" Raymond is a wonder for training in the winter and taking on weight in the summer. Hard work agrees with him, but baseball does not. Every spring he shows up as lithe as a greyhound, because he works at his trade as a stereotypist during the winter. He is in fine condition now. When Raymond appeared in a wrestling bout in Chicago last week he was described as follows: "Bugs" never looked better in his life. In fact, he had lost all that superfluous adipose tissue for which he is noted, and looked fit to pitch twenty innings. As they say of fighters, he was in the pink of condition. He appeared gaunt and starved almost, but that is not possible, as "Bugs" has always answered the dinner bell promptly. If John McGraw could only keep Raymond in that condition during the baseball season, what a wonder the "Human Insect" would be!

John B. Foster, of the New York Evening Telegram, comes across with the following: No mistake has been made by the management of the New York American League club in engaging "Charley" Farrell to go South with the players in 1911 and coach the pitchers for the season to come.

Criker had a great deal to do with the development of the pitchers of the Highlanders in 1910, and he made a new catcher of Sweeney. Farrell is one of the best hands among the American League men in helping along a young pitcher.

No matter how skillful a catcher may be for the major league, he doesn't always grasp the possibilities of a young pitcher. There are some men who have made great reputations in the big leagues who would have been as likely to relegate a youngster like Mathewson to the ash heap as they would have been to recommend him.

Not every catcher is alike in "big league" baseball, and perhaps it is as well. If all were like some catchers, there wouldn't be any hope for the base runners. There are some men who are catchers—well, there would be precious little hope for the catchers.

Wheaton, of Yale, to Advise Navy in Baseball and Football.

Annapolis, Md., Dec. 22.—For the first time in the history of Naval Academy athletics one man will fill the position of coach of two important teams—Frank Wheaton, of Yale, having accepted the proposition of the athletic association to handle the baseball nine this spring and act as field coach of the football team next fall. The latter position he filled to the great satisfaction of the navy people during the season just closed.

Connie Mack won the world's championship, but he never led the collision at the assembly, and so he would not be eligible for the management of the St. Louis Americans.

YALE MAY ROW PENN.

More Races Are Wanted by Capt. Frost, of Crew.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 22.—Yale's rowing programme will next season be the most extensive of any ever arranged. Capt. Elliott Frost, of the crew, believes in several races during a season, although it has been Yale's policy to enter the 'Varsity in only one event, the regatta with Harvard, while the second crew meets some outside universities.

It is believed for next season races with Harvard, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania will be scheduled. Yale going to Philadelphia during the Easter vacation for a match with the Quakers, to Princeton in May for the first race, and to New London to meet Harvard in June.

Jockey Davis to Ride in France.

Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 22.—Jockey Stanley Davis, now riding for W. P. Burch, will go to France next spring, and ride for the management of Preston Burch, who has the horses of Harry La Montagne.

CRACK DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETES—No. 16.

Two years ago Business High School won the baseball championship because they had a well-balanced team and a sterling field pitcher—"Shag" Rawlings. Last spring the identical conditions prevailed at Central. What "Shag" Rawlings was to Business, "Shock" Boetler was to Central, for it was due in a great measure to Boetler's twirling that the wearers of the Blue and White captured the championship.

William S. Boetler, the son of W. P. Boetler, of 1512 S street northwest. He is nineteen years old, weighs 170 pounds, and stands 6 feet 1 inch. He is a right-hander, and is a protégé of "Doc" White, the Chicago boxman. White discovered Boetler two years ago, and taught him the fine points of pitching.

Last spring Boetler was elected captain of the Central nine, which was coached by Jim Sprigman, the present Georgetown tutor, and although handicapped by a poor catcher, Boetler pitched his team to the high school championship. Business was the only nine to give the O Streeters any kind of a rub. Boetler has again been chosen to lead the wearers of the Blue and White, and this fact alone assures Central of a chance to be in the running for first place. Boetler graduates from Central next June, and will enter the University of Pennsylvania.

Brother of Bull Players a Victim.

Special to The Washington Herald.

## OPEN THIS EVENING.

### Give Him a Traveling Case

Any man who ever has occasion to travel—seldom or often—would be as "pleased as Punch" with one of these handy outfits. The cases are of different leathers, and contain ebony military brushes, comb, tooth brush and tooth powder containers, soap box, clothes brush, &c. We have a large variety, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$12.00.

This is only one suggestion of hundreds that will speak for themselves when you come—but it's a good one.

Parker Budget & Co.

Head-to-Foot Outfitters, Ninth and the Avenue.

## FRED LAKE TO MANAGE

### ST. LOUIS BROWNS IN 1911

The announcement that Fred Lake is to manage the St. Louis American League club seems to give satisfaction to every one concerned. The new owners are glad to get as capable a leader as Fred. Ban Johnson says he is glad Lake is back in the major league. Lake by Wallace is more than willing to devote his entire attention to playing and let some one else's shoulders bear all the loads of a managership, and Jack O'Connor is to receive the salary his contract as manager called for, so he is also satisfied.

Lake is a veteran of the National, Western, Eastern, and New England leagues. He was a scout for the Boston Americans in 1908, and later succeeded Jim McGuire as manager of the club. Fred and John Irving Taylor split on the question of salary, and then Lake went as manager to the National League team at the Hub. It is believed that the Browns will prosper under the new management, and resign the lowly position as manager called for, so he is also satisfied.

ers, George, who plays third base on the Detroit baseball team, and William, who plays professional ball with the Louisville nine, visited the undertakings room and identified the body of their brother.

JACKSONVILLE RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Five and a half furlongs. Red Rose, 9 to 1, won; Cascade, 12 to 1, second; Fulton, 12 to 1, third. 1:34.4. May Amelia, Anita Sturtevant, Louis Bell, Adèle R., Monahan, Induction, John A., and Inferno Quila also ran.

SECOND RACE—Six furlongs. Smoker, 113 to 1, won; Cascade, 12 to 1, second; Fulton, 12 to 1, third. 1:34.4. May Amelia, Anita Sturtevant, Louis Bell, Adèle R., Monahan, Induction, John A., and Inferno Quila also ran.

THIRD RACE—Five and a half furlongs. Star Bitch, 10 to 1, won; Cascade, 12 to 1, second; Fulton, 12 to 1, third. 1:34.4. May Amelia, Anita Sturtevant, Louis Bell, Adèle R., Monahan, Induction, John A., and Inferno Quila also ran.

FOURTH RACE—Six furlongs. Star Bitch, 10 to 1, won; Cascade, 12 to 1, second; Fulton, 12 to 1, third. 1:34.4. May Amelia, Anita Sturtevant, Louis Bell, Adèle R., Monahan, Induction, John A., and Inferno Quila also ran.

FIFTH RACE—Five and a half furlongs. Star Bitch, 10 to 1, won; Cascade, 12 to 1, second; Fulton, 12 to 1, third. 1:34.4. May Amelia, Anita Sturtevant, Louis Bell, Adèle R., Monahan, Induction, John A., and Inferno Quila also ran.

SAN FRANCISCO RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Six furlongs. Frank C. Hogan, 10 to 1, won; Cascade, 12 to 1, second; Fulton, 12 to 1, third. 1:34.4. May Amelia, Anita Sturtevant, Louis Bell, Adèle R., Monahan, Induction, John A., and Inferno Quila also ran.

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BASEBALL MARVELS ARE FOUND IN PAIRS

Two Developed Every Five Years, Says Fan.

A baseball marvel appears every five years, according to some followers of the game. One of them goes still further and says there are two extraordinary players developed during this space of time and that one of them always is a pitcher. As this man is connected with one of the National League clubs and does not care to have his name divulged, we will call him Mr. Short.

"My point is easily taken and, to my way of thinking, easily proved," said Mr. Short. "These last five years two men have gone to and been developed in the American League. One of them is Walter Johnson, of Washington, that marvelous pitcher and perhaps the greatest of this and former years. The other player is 'Ty' Cobb, of Detroit.

"The half decade from 1890 to 1905 brought out 'Ed' Walsh, of the White Sox, and Second Baseman 'Johnny' Evers, of the Cubs. I would like to include Pitchers Mathewson, of the Giants, and Joss, of the Naps, in the list, but really believe that 'Ed' Walsh tops above either. 'Ty' Cobb, of the club he belonged to, has been the best player I have known of the other two fellows have. It takes a lot of pitching to win a game for the Sox, especially this past year.

"To return to Johnson. He never was brought up until Joe Castillon got him at Washington only a couple of years ago. Straight from the deserts of Idaho he lugged Walter, who has been a star ever since. He has not what you could call a marvelous team behind him, but his winning average is close to .500, and he has spoken in many games, too.

"Cobb, Speaker, Lajoie, and the other magnificent batters of the American League find him a hard proposition to face. 'Ty' Dougherty, of the club he belonged to, is a pretty fine slugger, cannot do anything but whiff when he gets up against Johnson.

"Lots of the time he doesn't need many curves. His straight, fast ball is enough to batter most of the batters. The last series with the Sox in Washington, when he first went against them, I don't think he threw fifteen curve balls the whole game. But when he has to, he can put on every kind of a dress that a ball can stand.

"There is no need telling of the merits of 'Ty' Cobb. He has figured in countless columns of baseball stories. It's a old day when some kind of a layout could not be woven around Tyrrus."

During the discussion several took exception to Short's remarks. They claimed that he was unfair. That if he counted only two players every five years that would make about fourteen players

## LAJOIE'S LONG HIT

Mighty Swatter Tells Story of Greatest Bingle.

### BALL REBOUNDS TO INFIELD

Sure Home Run Goes for Putout with Two Men On—Second Baseman Catches Sphere on Fly—Team Loses the Game by 5 to 7 Score.

From the Cincinnati Times-Star.

"I have, of course, made quite a few long hits and hard hits in my time," says Napoleon Lajoie. "Some of them went a good deal farther than others, and some of them were smashed with a good deal more vigor than the rest—all depending largely, of course, upon the way the bat met the leather. I have a keen and painful recollection, however, of what I think was the hardest hit I ever made. The recollection is specially keen, and extremely painful because I wasted so much energy on the blamed thing, and because the best I got was the haw-haw.

"It was way back in the days when I was on the old Philadelphia team, which, as you will remember, was some aggregation of swat-smiths. Although I was rather new to the big league in those days, I seemed to fit in with that bunch all right, and was hitting along with the rest of the tribe. We needed all the hitting we could accomplish, too, for somehow or other, we weren't winning any flags, and it took a lot of slugging to keep the opposition from trading on our backbones.

In those days, the right-field fence in Philadelphia was close, too close, and the fielders used to play to take them on the sound as they came back from the fence. In one game, if I remember rightly, three men were thrown out at first on what should have been the safest kind of hits—but that is another story. Pass me right on, please, to the description of my own, special, individual sorrow.

"The afternoon I made my great hit was one of good husky batting. Life was miserable for all the pitchers, and especially for our performers. When the last half of the ninth arrived we were up to the hilt, and I remember that I was a bit of a something like 5 to 7. There was a hit, an out, a base on balls, and a pop fly. I came up, with men on first and second, two gone, and the chance to tie or win before me. The ball came over, whizzing hot. I grazed it, and that was all. The next one must have been intended simply as a teaser, for it drifted over so slow and easy that a baby could have hit it with a wire. After thinking the hurler never meant to get it near the pan, but was playing wide to get a possible fall out of the runner, who was leading off second, anyhow, it came over the size of a fat balloon. 'Oh, joy!' said I, and I leaped the bat against that ball with all my weight and muscle.

"To the best of my recollection, I never before or since hit a ball so hard as that one. I could feel the leather being driven into the core of the year and rubber by the force of that tremendous drive, and the sting ran up the bat with such burning that my hands and wrists blazed with heat. The ball went out, not whizzing, not sailing, but faster, more terrifically speedy, than anything I ever laid the wood against in all my life.

"There was a glad roar from the multitude, and I went down to first, blazing with heat. I remember that I was a bit of a something like 5 to 7. There was a hit, an out, a base on balls, and a pop fly. I came up, with men on first and second, two gone, and the chance to tie or win before me. The ball came over, whizzing hot. I grazed it, and that was all. The next one must have been intended simply as a teaser, for it drifted over so slow and easy that a baby could have hit it with a wire. After thinking the hurler never meant to get it near the pan, but was playing wide to get a possible fall out of the runner, who was leading off second, anyhow, it came over the size of a fat balloon. 'Oh, joy!' said I, and I leaped the bat against that ball with all my weight and muscle.

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